



*(Image: Summer Rockgarden, on granite—the Alps)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus IX [FIRST PART]

Only he who has lifted his lyre  
also among the shadows  
may his boundless praise  
possibly repay.

Only he who has eaten poppies  
with the dead,  
will never again lose even  
the softest of sounds.

Though the pool's reflection  
often blurs before us:  
Know the image.

First in the double world  
do voices become  
eternal and mild.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*